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PRICE TEN CENTS.



HE DARES TO TOUCH IT.

The Live Wire and the Man with the Rubber Gloves.



FOR PRESIDENT:  
WOODROW WILSON of New Jersey.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:  
THOMAS R. MARSHALL of Indiana.

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PUCK  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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## Cartoons and Comments

THE PRESIDENT'S SENSATIONALISM. IN this campaign Mr. TAFT is not getting the press notice to which he is entitled.

While the fact is duly heralded that Governor WILSON is touring the country, and likewise the fact that the Bull Moose is leaping from State to State, the remarkable truth that Mr. TAFT is not swinging around any circle, except the home circle, has gone almost unnoticed. Certainly it has not been accorded the prominence it deserves. Think of it! WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, who, during his term as Governor of the Philippines, later as Secretary of War, and still more recently as President, thought nothing of little trips to Asia, to Europe, or to Panama, or railway jaunts of fifteen thousand miles or thereabouts up, down, and zigzag over the map of the United States, takes this occasion, when his administration of public affairs is up for final approval, to commune with golf balls and Aunt DELIA'S apple pies. Really, when you come to think of it, is any stumping tour now in progress half as sensational as the President's determination to stay on the job? At last!

CANDIDATE ROOSEVELT, while an advocate of "the protective principle," is bitterly opposed to what he calls "social injustice." Under the latter heading he would doubtless be willing to include child labor. If so, he can or could find plenty of "social injustice" in the city of Lawrence, Mass., where the protective principle in which he believes is applied in its full and glorious strength. At the time of the great strike it was brought out that child labor was inevitable in many Lawrence families because the wages of the "protected" adults were so low—considerably less than ten dollars a

week, in most instances—that household expenses could not be met without continuous help from the children. Thus the protective principle in which he so ardently believes is largely responsible for some of the social injustice which he so abhors. Fighting effects rather than causes does not accomplish much, especially when the causes are in plain sight. When child labor is prevalent from sheer necessity in industries where the protective principle is supposed to maintain for workers "the American standard of living," it is high time that the said "protective principle" was ranked very prominently among the "social injustices" from which this country suffers. This is only one small

phase of the tariff question, and perhaps Colonel ROOSEVELT means to cover it when he urges a tariff readjustment which shall send some of the benefits of protection "into the pay envelopes as well as the front office;" but if he does, the Colonel should make it clear. If he is sincere in his fight against "social injustice" he cannot dodge the fact that the latter in many of its gravest forms is directly traceable to the high protective tariff. Child labor in certain industries is only one instance of it.

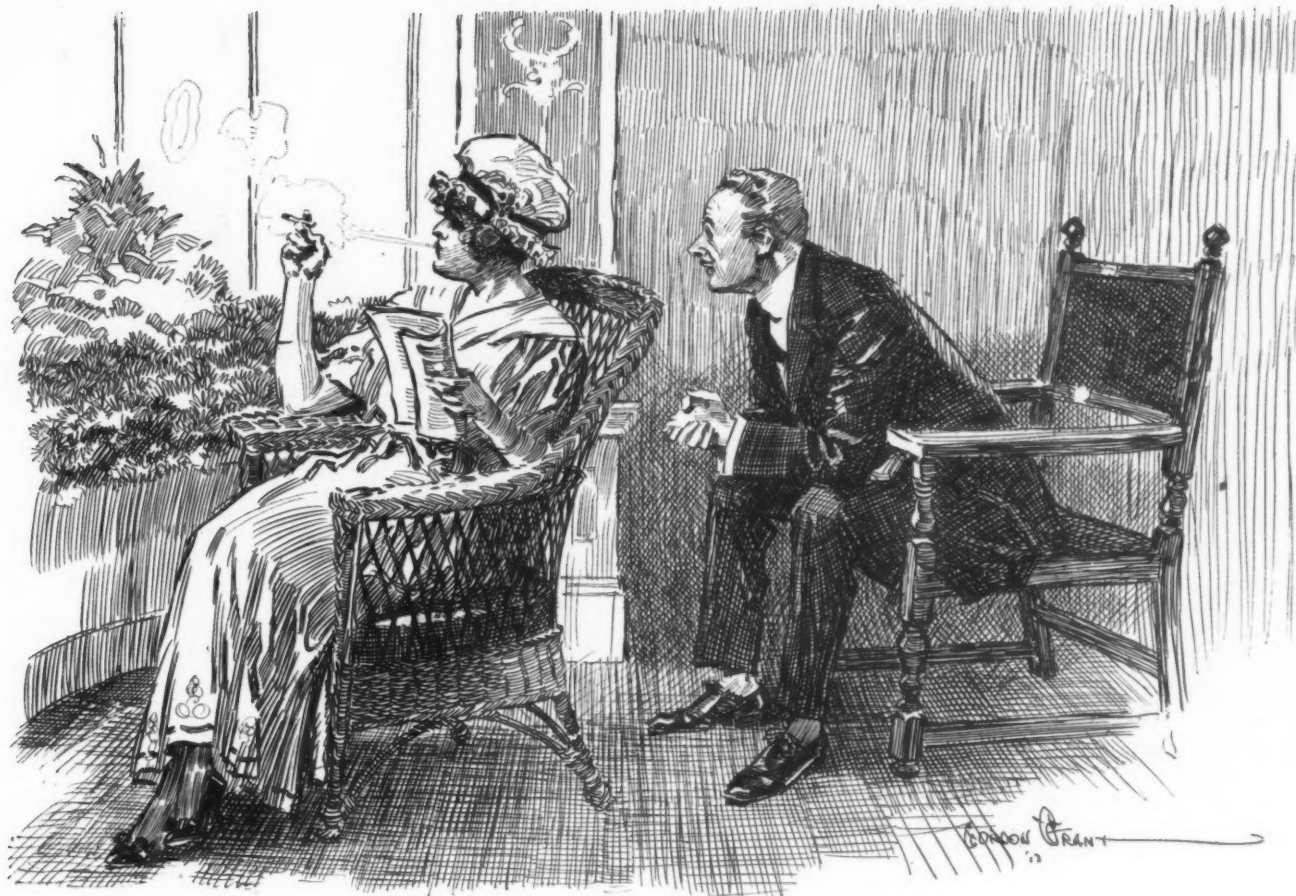
THE Colonel reminds us just a little of that delightful creation of DICKENS, Mr. Podsnap, and in support of this let us quote briefly: "Happily acquainted with his own merit and importance, Mr. Podsnap settled that, whatever he put behind him, he put out of existence. There was a dignified conclusiveness—not to add a grand convenience—in this way of getting rid of disagreeables, which had done much toward establishing Mr. Podsnap in his lofty place in Mr. Podsnap's satisfaction. 'I don't want to know about it; I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it!'" What a prime Progressive Mr. Podsnap would have made! Is there not between Podsnappery and Bullmoosery more than a slight resemblance?

"He is not a lawyer," says neighbor *Life*, enumerating various "points in favor of WOODROW WILSON." No? *Who's Who* states that a certain WOODROW WILSON practiced law at Atlanta, Ga., in 1882-83. It is, to be sure, a long time ago, and perhaps the Democratic candidate is protected by the Statute of Limitations.



HE HAS THEIR MORAL SUPPORT.





SWEET SOLACE.

SERIOUS-MINDED HUSBAND.—If I should pass away, dearie, would you shed tears for me?

WIFE (*ex-emotional actress*).—Well, I'm a bit out of practice, pal, but I guess I'd come across with a pint or two!

THE SUFFRAGETTE'S LOVE-SONG.



He is away! . . . the city's space  
Seems strangely dull and void—the while  
I miss his step—his winsome face,  
His blush, that answered back my smile.  
I miss his warm yet modest kiss,  
His coaxing voice that bade me stay;  
The best of life's sweet grace I miss  
Because—my darling is away!

When, at my desk, I toiling grind  
'Tis bliss to know his heart is light;  
That he, 'mid foreign scenes may find  
New joy by lake and mountain height.  
Nor can my weary eyes grow dim,  
My tired hand fail, the livelong day,  
Since all my labor is for *him*—  
My darling, who is far away!

Heed not the ardent onslaught, sweet,  
Of English, French, and Spanish girls;  
Heed not the praises you will meet  
Of your soft eyes, your hands, your curls!  
Keep your pure heart still faithful, dear,  
Until, with joy no words can say,

I fly, to meet you at the pier—  
My own—no longer far away!

Madeline Bridges

FORCE OF HABIT.

WILLIS.—What excuse did that ex-ball-player switchman have to offer for the wreck that occurred at his crossing?

GILLIS.—He claimed that just before the train reached him it took a bad bound.

It frequently so happens that the prophet who is without honor in his own country can't afford to go abroad.

A VACATION is spending all the money you save in a year to go away a few weeks to escape the weather which does not arrive until after you come back.



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

PAT.—Mrs. Flannigan, yure mon Moike has just fell off th' scaffoldin' and killed himself, bedad!

MRS. FLANNIGAN (*collapsing in chair*).—Hivins!

PAT.—Aisy—aisy! 'Tis only his leg that's bruk. It's rejoiced ye 'll be to hear it whin ye thought he was killed fur-r-st!

# GREAT CLEARANCE SALE!!!

Of Unpublished Manuscripts by the Talented Author  
CERVANTES SMITH.



NOTED Cincinnati critic said of Mr. Smith's work: "This author's style comprises the best traits of Henry James and O. Henry."

The undersigned, having come into possession of five of this great writer's manuscripts, offer them at unheard-of figures to close them out. The manuscripts are slightly thumb-ed and travel-stained, but are otherwise in perfect condition. They are as follows:

I. "GRANDFATHER'S GHOST." Thrilling adventure story; 5,621 words; perfectly punctuated, beautifully typewritten. The author says he would not have taken \$500 for this story when it was written. On account of our small operating expense and reputation for quick sales we offer "Grandfather's Ghost" at the amazing price of ..... \$49.97

II. "THE RECONSIDERATION OF EMMA JAYNES." Humorous story, with love element deftly interwoven; 5,107 words, many of them very long. Some of the best-known editors in the country have regretted they could not use this story. It was offered first by Mr. Smith at five cents a word. We place it on sale at the low price of .. \$26.75

III. "CRIES AT MIDNIGHT." A detective story, with a thrilling plot and dazzling dénouement. Under our liberal merchandizing policy, no extra charge will be made for the dénouement. Seventeen editors who have seen this manuscript have written to Mr. Smith that rejection did not imply lack of merit. Story contains nearly 6,000 words. Anyone desiring a fine detective story, containing a problem which even the author was not wholly able to solve, will snap this at the bargain price of ..... \$30.50

IV. "WHILLIKINS." A comic masterpiece. An editor said of this story: "It is too funny. We dare not print it." A laugh in every line. Mr. Smith believes this to be the most humorous story he has ever written. Partly in the same spirit of jest we offer it at ... \$10.00

V. "DOING HIS WORST." A satire, about 5,000 words in length, and about as broad. Here is what some editors say of it:

ANYBODY'S MAGAZINE.—Sorry we can't use "Doing His Worst." We thought it a corking title.

NOBODY'S MAGAZINE.—We have read "Doing His Worst." You have done it at last. Regrets.

SOMEBODY'S MAGAZINE.—Accept our regrets. "Doing His Worst" is IT.

Mr. Smith thinks so well of this story that he reserves the dramatic rights. All other rights, including that of suppression, go with the story at the low price of ..... \$25.79

DO NOT DELAY. BUY THESE MASTERPIECES WHILE THEY LAST.

REMEMBER, KIPLING WAS ONCE AN OBSCURE AUTHOR.

THIS ADV. WILL POSITIVELY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

MEYERSTEIN AND GUGGENBERG,  
Dealers in Rejected MSS.

DOUBLE PINK TRADING-STAMPS FOR THIS SALE.

Freeman Tilden.



TALK ABOUT THE MEN OF GOTHAM!  
THEIR FAMOUS BOWL WAS A LOT MORE SEAWORTHY THAN THIS.



LOOKING BACKWARD IN 1950.

"Why that dreamy expression, Ann?"

"Oh, I was just thinking what a cinch our grandmothers must have had. No cigarettes or mixed drinks, no politics, no choking collars and stiff shirts. Think of it!"

## NATIVE SHREWDNESS.

SEE this man. He is a Native. A Native of Indiana? Oh, no, Johnny, a Native of some other strange wild land, which explains why he is dressed in a waste-basket and a spear.

And, Willie, do you love the Native?

Oh, you bad, bad boy! You must learn to love the Native. That is the only way to make anything out of him, you know.

You must approach him kindly and with an outfit consisting of a glad, ingenuous smile, a self-pronouncing Bible, an elephant-gun, and a black-snake whip.

After reading him your favorite chapter you must hang the black-snake whip on him a couple of times and then tell him to run off and get you some rubber or coca. If he does not run fast enough you may cut off his right foot so as to teach him a moral lesson. Learn to love the Native, Johnny. There is money in it.



PROFIT AND LOSS.

COHEN (to his partner).—I'm sorry now dot I gave der bookkeeper a vacation. His books vas all right!

## ETERNAL QUESTION.

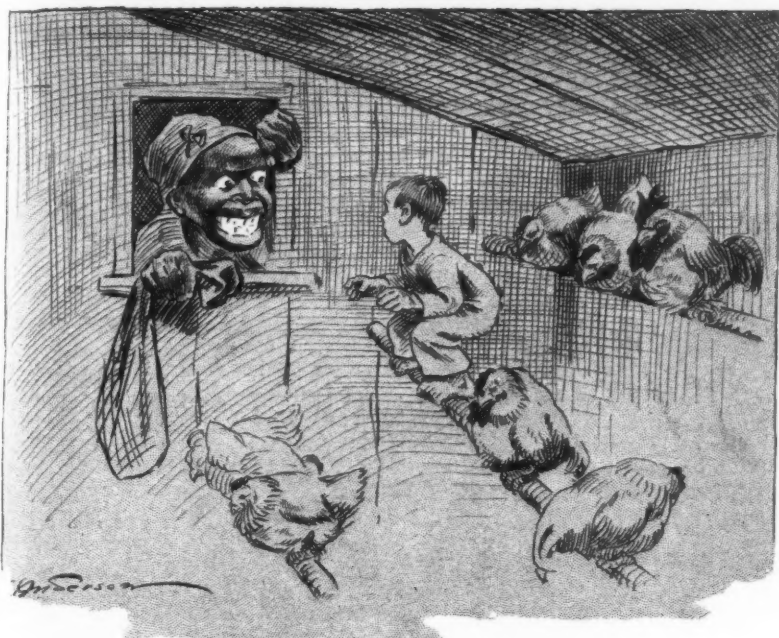
MRS. WAYUPP.—What were you and Mrs. Highupp having such a hot discussion about?

MRS. BLASÉ.—Woman's eternal question: Whether it is better to live with a husband who is a gentleman at home and a beast outside, or with one who is a beast at home and a gentleman outside.

CERTAIN of our modern astute detectives act as though they were obeying the injunction "Keep Off the Track!"

**A** courtship conducted via the mails is about as satisfactory as a perusal of the bill-of-fare in lieu of dinner!





THE IDEAS OF LITTLE WILLIE.

II.—WILLIE'S IDEA OF "GOING TO BED WITH THE CHICKENS."

A VICTIM OF IRREGULARITY.

THOUGH no great catch, this man was caught,  
And neighbors tell, I'm told,  
That oft, with scratch, his face was scraught,  
Till fearful yells he yold.

In sink of sadness almost sunk,  
To quit all strife he strove—  
And after he a think had thunk,  
A happier life he love.

To steal a kiss, no more he stole;  
To make a break, he broke;  
To remedy the deal he'd dole,  
A secret sneak he snoke.

Fate's dice with crafty shake he shook;  
As gamblers feel he felt;  
But ere the final stake he stook  
A bitter squeal he squelt.

Of earlier days, I think, he thought,  
Ere Hymen's bonds had bound—  
Before his links were firmly lought—  
When he by blond was blound.

A stroke for liberty he struck;  
For in a fly he flew—  
But though full many a joke he juck,  
A secret cry he crew.

Then stings of conscience no more stung,  
And so in peace he slept;  
For, on the wings of Morpheus brung,  
In Paradise he pept.

Geo. B. Morewood.

TOUGH JOB.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Yes, Willie, the prophets were ready to prophesy about anything, and what they said always came true.

WILLIE.—Huh! You notice them prophets were all foxy enough to die off before the world's series were invented.

THE SEASONS CROSS.

WILLIS.—Bump is reported as being crazy as a March hare.

GILLIS.—Worse. He's as crazy as a September "sport bug." He is down on the tennis-court this morning in a football suit trying to knock down bowling-pins with a baseball.

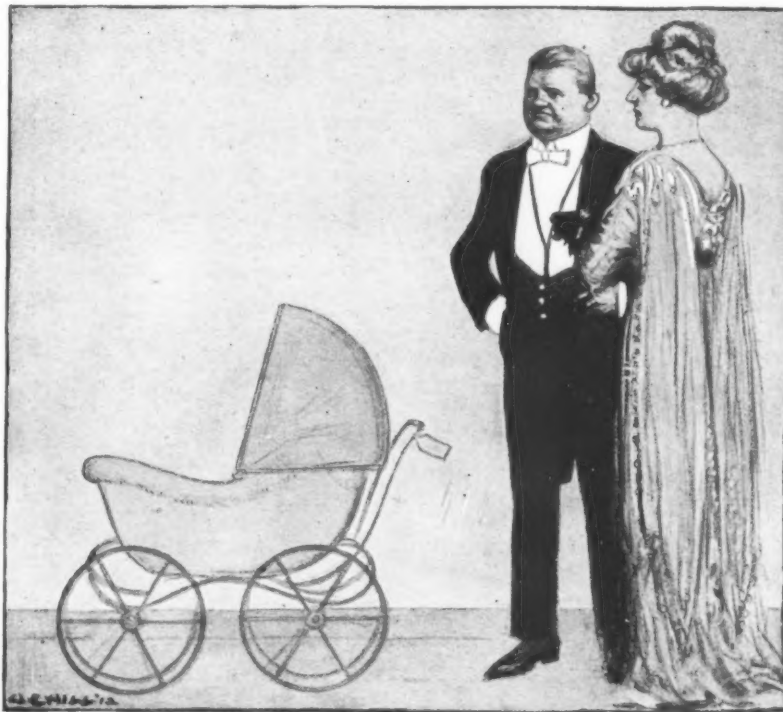
OLD MAN RADCLIFFE.

HE was not a captain of industry. He did not get his picture in the newspapers. He endowed no theological seminaries. He was not a warrior; even less a prophet. No flags were half-masted at his death; even the news of it got barely beyond the borders of his home State. The world will swing along serenely now that he is no longer here. He will have no place in the pages of history. No orators will refer, with upcast eyes and outstretched hands, to his name. Let him rest. He was eighty-six—he died full of years.

His name was DeWitt Clinton Radcliffe, and he lived in Phoenixville, Penn. He loved boys. He knew how to make baseballs, and cunningly contrived he many of them, and passed them around, saying, "Try these, fellows." They were the finest baseballs that ever were. You could knock 'em a mile, as the hyperbolic saying is. Honest, you could rap a fly right over the roof of the school-house from the field in back of the livery-stable. Just what the inventor put into those balls to make them so superb will never be known. You could take one to pieces without finding the secret. Reach makes a good ball, and so does Spalding—but that is their business, and you can easily find out what they stuff them with. Perhaps the difference was that Old Man Radcliffe stuffed them with affection. He loved boys.

There was just a little notice in the papers when the old man died. It said that he had been known as the "boys' best friend." By whom, pray, was he so called? Certainly not by the boys. They probably called him "Old Radcliffe," or "Whiskers," or something like that, and initiated him into the freemasonry of boyhood by swiping his apples. For boys don't love anybody. Boys are not meant to love anybody. They are meant to make old men, and men not so old, remember. Radcliffe remembered.

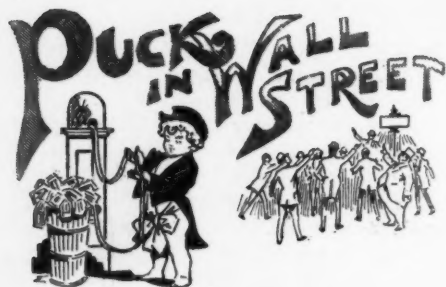
A HERO is a man who bunches his bravery, in distinction to the ordinary citizen who fritters away his bravery on small occasions.



HE MEANT WELL.

THE BRIDE.—See what your Uncle Zeb has sent us for a wedding-present. A baby-carriage!

THE GROOM.—Oh, well, good old Zeb means all right! We can exchange it for something useful!



"I'm hung up with five hundred of this stuff that I can't sell—no market for it," growls one floor-trader to another.

"Five hundred? You're in easy," is the reply. "Know how much I'm lugging along?—an even thousand. Bought it the same day last week you did, and on the same tip. What're we going to do about it?"

"What're we going to do about it? We're going to sell—that's what we're going to do. Come on over to Fred's. I just saw Smith, that fly reporter on the *Star*, go in there, and I've got an idea."

Business of the two traders hobnobbing over a table in the corner, talking in low, earnest tones. Smith, bursting with curiosity, listening with all his might at a table near by. "Real thing—good for five points, anyway," he catches. "Bill's got an order—five thousand—don't know just when, but soon, this afternoon—deal's closed, man alive—Why, HELLO, Smith, you over there? Come and have a drink with us."

The newspaper man has his drink and works cautiously around to his subject. No, neither of them has heard anything about the X. Y. Z. deal. But that guilty look does n't get past Smith. And when they both jump up with the exclamation that the market's nearly over and that they've got to get back on the floor, Smith *knows* it's so.

Ten minutes later it comes over the news-tickers that the X. Y. Z. deal has been put through. Nobody cares much one way or the other, but there is a little flutter in the stock—enough for the two traders to sell their 1,500 shares on. All of which is n't very different from the origin of most financial "dope."



#### ON THE BLACK-LIST.

FIRST CHAUFFEUR.—Did the guy you ran over give you a tip for taking him to the hospital?

SECOND CHAUFFEUR.—He did not! The next time I run over him he'll know it!



#### THE CRAZE.

MASTER GUY (who has grown very rapidly).—You need n't laugh, fellers. Just wait till your mothers go to see that blamed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" every night for a week!

A BIG firm downtown that does a good deal of business out on the curb has a reputation for taking plenty of time about paying its commission bills. The business is "good," and the curb people are keen about getting it, but at the end of the month it is always the same story—they have an awful time collecting their money.

Not long ago one of the curb-brokers to whom this firm had owed about a hundred dollars for some little time got very hard up and went around to collect. The visit was fruitless, and so, the next week, he tried it again. Nothing doing. Finally, the third time, he got to the head of the house and, thoroughly exasperated, declared that it was a shame that he could n't get his bill paid.

The head of the house is a Southerner, is red-headed, and has all the other "makings" for a quick temper. First he told the unfortunate curb-broker what he thought of him, then he told him to get out, and then, when the broker would n't, he told him to go to hell.

As the red-headed man got angrier the other got cooler. And as to the final invitation extended, that did n't bother him a bit. A meditative look, indeed, came over his face, and he appeared to be seriously considering the proposition. Then slowly he shook his head. "Why, Mr. —," he finally said, "you certainly can't ask me to go there with my accounts in such shape as this!"

It paid him. A few minutes later he walked out of the office with the check in his pocket.

CROPS are good for a couple of seasons in succession and the Eureka Store—General Merchandise—makes a little money. The railroad comes through, population takes a jump, and the Eureka really gets to be quite a store. Eph is n't seen behind the counter any more.

Finally they start a bank and, of course, make Eph—"our most prosperous merchant"—president. Eph does n't know any more about banking than he knows about the North Pole, but he does know who's good and who is n't, and so the bank does n't lose any money and is a success.

All very well as long as Eph realizes his limitations and stays on the job. The sad part of it comes when they get the convention bee in their bonnets and run around from city to city making "speeches" on the "Need of Currency Reform" and the "Banking Systems of Europe." Then it gets to be positively awful—especially for the people who try to read the speeches, printed mostly in papers that make a specialty of financial advertising. Get back on the job, Eph, and spend your time looking over the "paper" they've bought while you were away. It will help you and your bank likewise. Franklin.

#### YIELDING.

THE Man from Mars clapped his glass to his eye.

"What," he asked, most animatedly, "is that



#### MEASURES.

THEATRE-GOER.—How long is the intermission in this show?

DOORMAN.—About five drinks, two coffin-nails, or one racy story.

great dust yonder, accompanied by the sounds of a desperate struggle?"

The Earthborn shrugged his shoulders.

"That," he made answer, "is somebody yielding to the importunities of his friends to become a candidate for some office or other."

#### DISTINCTIVE.

NICKER.—What is Smith's chief claim to originality?

BOCKER.—He never calls himself a live wire.

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed," but if it would arise early and hustle it might avoid poverty.



WHY WORRY?



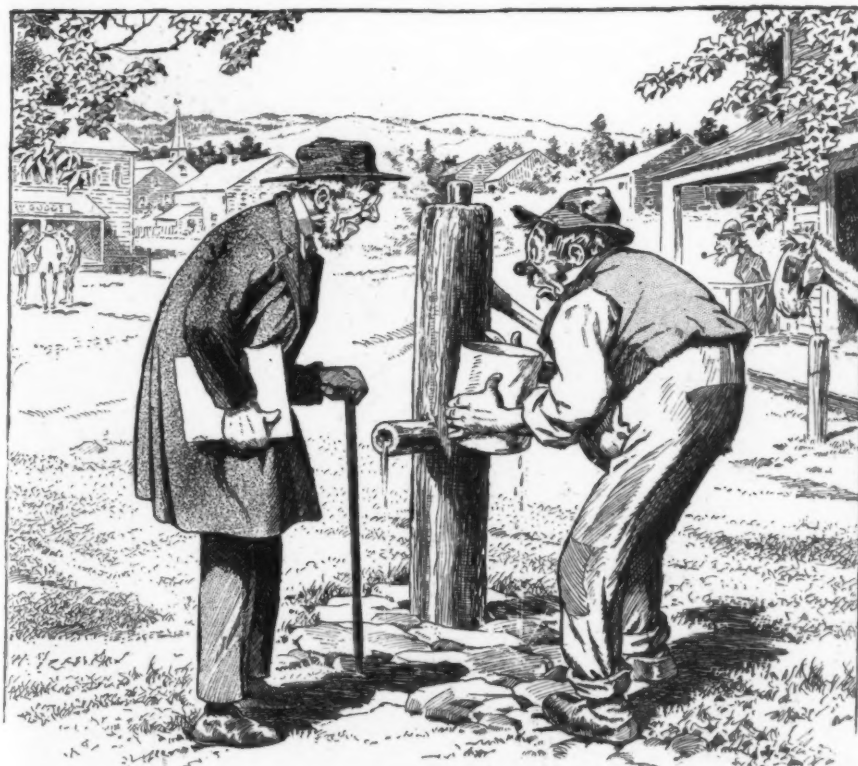
THE spellbinders tell us that much is at stake,  
And warn us at length of our doom;  
They tell of the terrible panic 't will make,  
The era of horror and gloom,  
Unless with our ballots we're fully prepared  
To choose their particular saint,  
And we otta be scared—  
But we ain't!

The orators wrap themselves up in the flag  
And pull out the tremolo stop,  
The ghosts of past glory before us they drag,  
And tears by the bucket they stop.  
But somehow that olden-time buncombe is chilled,  
And the cheers of the people are faint—  
We otta be thrilled—  
But we ain't.

The managers issue a whole lot of junk  
Which shows, just as certain as sin,  
That all of the other side's boastings are bunk  
And "We, and we only," can win.  
"Those people beat us? Oh, preposterous thought,  
How crazy, how foolish, how quaint!"  
And we otta be taught—  
But we ain't!

The world is so full of a number of things  
Like baseball, and football, and toil,  
And kisses, and lovers, and solitaire rings,  
That politics *can't* make us boil.  
We hear and we read of each stunt that's occurred,  
Each charge and each counter complaint,  
And we otta be stirred—  
But we ain't!

We have n't forgotten our duty as men,  
But bugaboos frighten us not;  
The olden-time bogies can't scare us again,  
The talk of disaster is rot.  
To vote as we please we are fully prepared,  
Whatever the pictures they paint,  
We need n't be scared—  
And we ain't! *Berton Braley.*



THE WANDERING SHEEP.

PARSON.—I was glad to see you at prayer-meeting last night, brother.  
VILLAGE SOUSE.—Was *that* where I was? Wal, I'll-be-jiggered!



"EIGHT—NINE—TEN!"

THE REFEREE.—It's high time both of you took the count!

THE MAN BEHIND.

WHEN the Average Citizen came to us he was shaking with rage to  
such an extent that his collar ends would n't stay buttoned.  
"Burn him alive!" he shouted. "Boil him in oil!"  
"Boil whom?" we queried in a kindly voice.  
"The head of the Vice Trust."  
So we summoned the head of the Vice Trust  
into our august presence.

"But it's not my fault," he explained.  
"I just organized the industry. Why  
don't you get after the man behind  
me—the fellow who does the real  
work?"

"Well, burn him alive—boil him  
in oil," agreed the Average Citizen a  
bit grudgingly.

So we sent envoys to the Unmen-  
tionable and haled him before us.

"But I ain't to blame," he whined.

"I don't go into this trade  
because I like it. There's  
somebody behind me.  
There's a fellow that  
forced me into it. It's  
Big Business."

Whereupon we  
herded Big Business into  
the box, while the Average  
Citizen had to be restrained  
by three detectives to keep  
him quiet.

"It's not my fault," said  
Big Business. "I did n't  
make the world—I took it  
as I found it. Why don't  
you go after the man behind me—the man who made the  
world I found, and who permitted all these things to exist—  
the Average Citizen?"

"So," we said sternly, "so that is how the land lies.  
And who is behind you, Mr. Average Citizen?"

But somehow the Average Citizen had broken loose and  
run away to get the latest baseball score. *Horatio Winslow.*

MARRIAGE.

THE couple were being married by an out-of-town Justice  
of the Peace.

"Until death do you part?" the magistrate asked, in  
the usual form.

The man hesitated. "See here, judge, can't you  
make it an indeterminate sentence?" quoth he, after think-  
ing a moment.

OUR GUESSING CONTEST.

THE Progressive Party consists of one-tenth Bull Moose and  
nine-tenths ———.



CINDER.

Desdemona wept copiously.  
"What's the matter now?" her  
father asked, in much anxiety.  
"I've got a cinder in my eye!"  
sobbed Desdemona.  
But nobody had the least idea  
that she meant Othello, the dinge  
par excellence of those days.

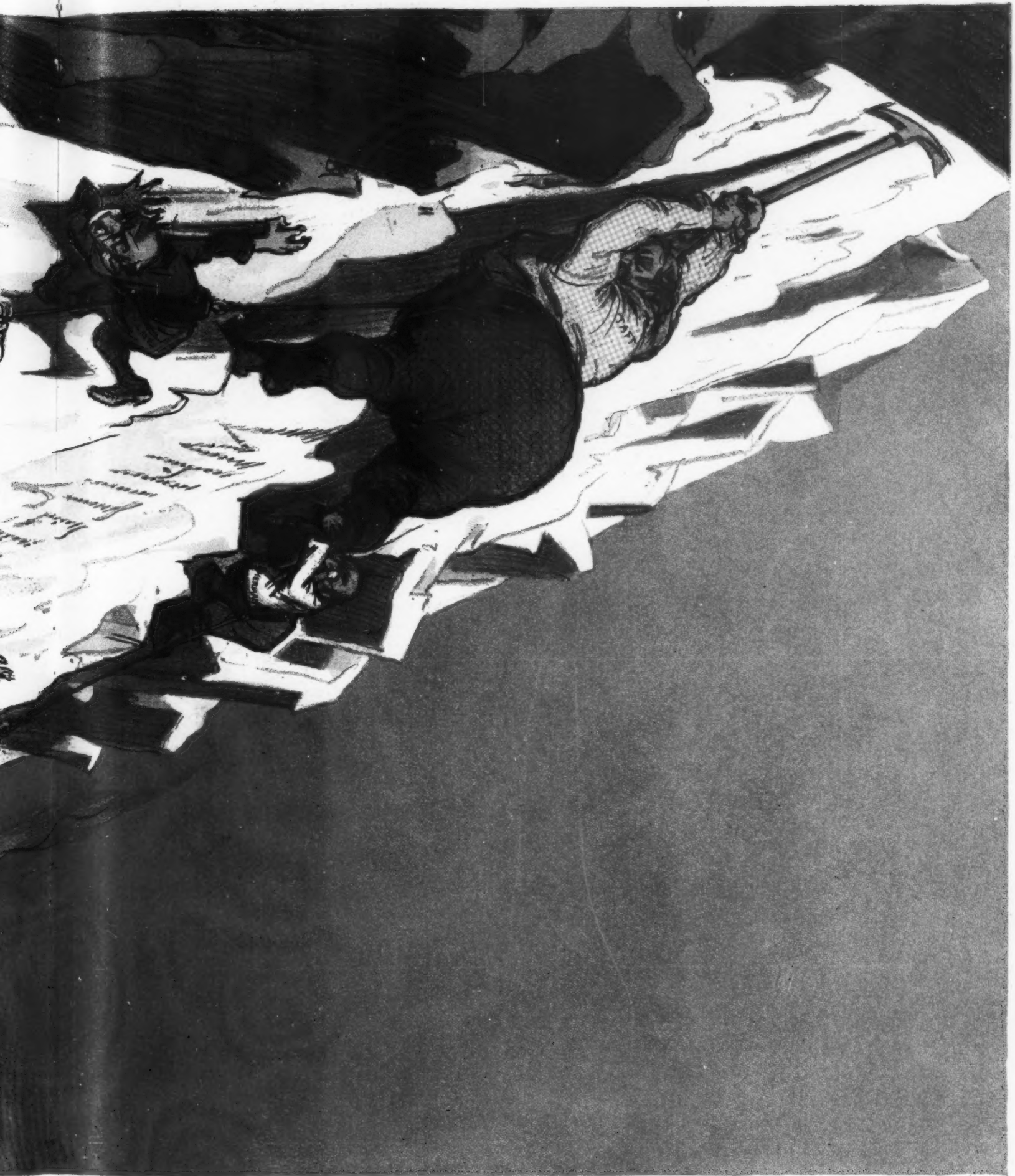
A black and white illustration depicting a chaotic scene in a dark, rocky environment. In the upper left, a large, dark, hairy figure lies on the ground. To its right, a man in a dark suit and hat is crouching, looking towards the right. In the center, a large, dark, hairy figure is lying on the ground. To its right, a man in a dark suit and hat is crouching, looking towards the right. In the lower left, a man in a dark suit and hat is lying on the ground. To his right, a man in a dark suit and hat is crouching, looking towards the right. The scene is dramatically lit, with strong shadows and highlights. The overall mood is one of mystery and suspense.

WHAT CAN TAFT DO? THEY ARE HIS GUIDES AND HE IS TIED TO THEM.

WHAT CAN TAFT DO? THEY ARE HIS GUIDES AND HE IS TIED TO THEM.



PUCK



THE HACK.

I'm a sober-sided hack of many paces,  
Lacking temper, and most reasonable to hire;  
I've a quantity of literary graces  
And a fair amount of artificial fire.



Have you anything on earth you wish to  
fight for?  
I'm your man for—oh! a very modest fee.  
Is there anything at all you nurse a spite for?  
Pay my price and put the matter up to me.

I'll expose the straightest parliament in session—  
Or I'll prove they passed the very best of laws;  
I'll play patriot or renegade or Hessian,  
And I'll breach or cheat or blackguard in the cause.

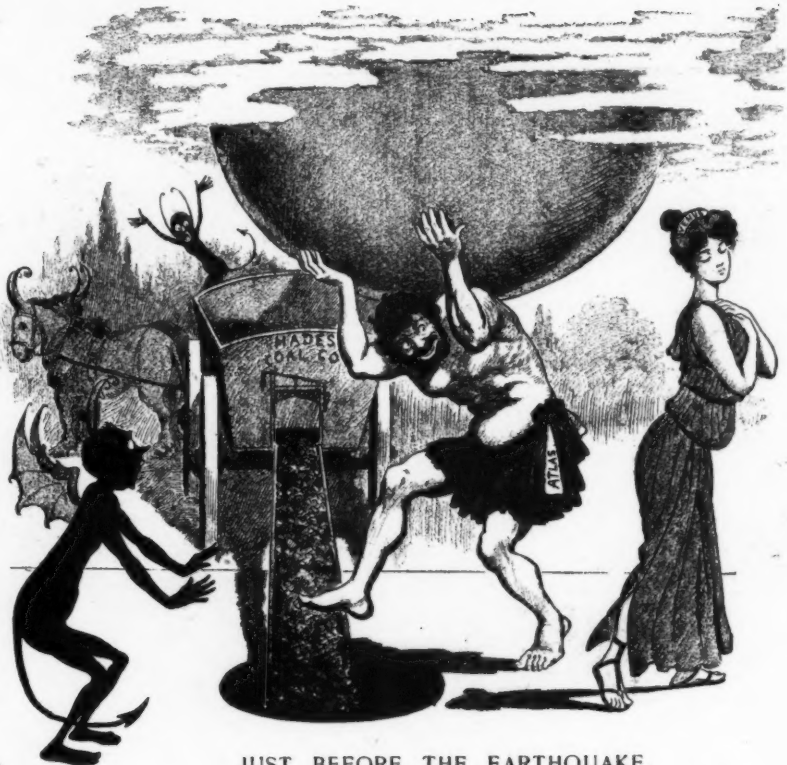
Here's for sale the very soul from out my body;  
Here you are, sir—look it over—lift the lid!  
Here is all a man was made for waiting to be bought and paid for—  
Wisdom, vigor, honor, courage—what's the bid?

Horatio Winslow.

A SEASON OF MONOTONY.

"WELL, NO," confessed Mr. Dud Ruckman, a prominent citizen of the 'Possum Trot neighborhood, who had percolated into the office of the Polkville, Ark., *Weekly Clarion*, and been held up by the able editor at the point of his interrogatory gimlet, "I don't reckon I know of any news of interest. As a matter of fact, there has been so little going on of late out there that we have took to sorter amusing ourselves with a guessing contest, as I s'pose you'd call it. The Hon. John R. Trickery is keeping us guessing whether to re-elect him to the legislature or chase him out of the township, and—well, come to think, we *did* run a feller out last week; new-comer from the North, some's, that nobody could get along with—always stirring up trouble. Why, actually, he argied that whisky would n't cure snake bites! Some think, because Trickery was called the Wit of the Legislature we ort to send him back there again, and others hold that it would be just as satisfactory, and a heap cheaper, to send a comic valentine.

"Of course, it's been pretty tollable dry. And there was a grand awakening at the revival, and according to all reports the Lord was with 'em, and there was a fight or two, and the presiding elder had one side of his side-whiskers burnt off or pulled off—I ain't shore which—and the organ was flung into the creek a time or two by one faction and drug



JUST BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

ATLAS, WITH HIS BURDEN, TAKES A PASSING GLANCE AT VENUS.

out again by the other faction that did n't believe prezizely the same way, 'pears like; but that ain't hardly what you'd call news, for revivals will be revivals, and there ain't no help for it. Well, that's about the extent of— Ho, though; there was considerable interest in the spiritualistic meetings at S. K. Smathers's house. The spirit rappings were loud and frequent, and the folks got some mighty interesting answers from the other shore, and I reckon the sessions would have been going on yet if some blamed boy had n't killed the woodpecker that was doing the rapping.

"But,—aw, well, as I said before, there don't 'pear to be much of anything going on, out my way. Looks sorter like rain, off to the southwest, don't it?" Tom P. Morgan.



ALL IN HIS EYE.

EVEN THEN.

"HUH," sneered the Ape, as the first pair packed their baggage, preparatory to leaving Eden. "Trimmed on the home grounds, was n't you?"

"Yes," assented Adam, "but just wait till you see what a fine road team we'll make."

Whereupon the Serpent wound up and uncorked the first curve.

USUALLY.

PASSENGER.—I suppose you conductors are bothered by a lot of foolish questions?

RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.—No; they all run about alike. The women all ask "When do we get there?" and the men "What can we get there?"

NATURE balances all things, but the few get the big money while the many get the balance.



QUITE CORRECT.

LATIN TEACHER.—Now you may give me an example of the dative.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL (with her mind elsewhere).—I will meet you at eight o'clock.

**I**t would be a great thing for humanity if automobiles could be as easily dodged as our pecuniary obligations!



## THE MILL AND THE DAUGHTER.



IT WAS John Ellicott's boast that he had never had a strike at his mill. For twenty years, in the little New England village of Hampshore, his modest, but always prosperous, woolen mill had gone along smoothly. On the one hand, he was a rugged man of simple tastes and kindly mien, willing to concede that his employes were entitled to a fair share of the profits which they had helped to make. On the other hand, he had refused all opportunities to join the Trust and thus separate himself from the active management of the institution. Accordingly, his employes gladly accepted something near the prevailing rate of wages, and respected him.

One evening, just before closing time, there came a knock at the door of his private office. In answer to his "Come in," the door was opened by a middle-aged man, the head of one of the departments.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Henderson?" said Ellicott pleasantly. "Sit down. What can I do for you?"

The man slowly approached the chair by the desk and sat down gingerly. He held his oily cap in his hand and fumbled it with nervous fingers, but hesitated to speak.

"What can I do for you?" repeated Ellicott after a brief pause.

"I don't know just how to tell you," began Henderson. "You see, a little matter has come up in the shop, and the boys asked me to speak to you about it."

"The boys asked you?" queried Ellicott wonderingly. "That's good. I'm glad to see they take an interest. What's it about?"

"Well, it's a mighty delicate matter, Mr. Ellicott, and I'd rather take a lickin' than say anything to you about it. But, you see, it's just like this: The boys say it's got to be settled, and I thought I might as well do the talkin' as anybody else. I been here about the longest."

"Go right ahead, Henderson. If you've got anything to say, don't hesitate. If there's anything wrong, I dare say it can be fixed up. What's the trouble?"

"It ain't trouble. That is, it ain't exactly trouble in the ordinary sense. It's something different. Now you know we've always got along all right in this shop. We never had a union, and when the mills all around us were striking, we stuck right to it. All the boys like you. They think you're an honest, hard-working, conscientious man and entitled to all you've got of this world's goods. Of course, you know that as well as I do."

"I've tried to be good to the boys," rejoined Ellicott, "and I'd be sorry if there was any change in their attitude. What is it? Have the agitators finally got at them and made them restless?"

"Oh, no. Not that, Mr. Ellicott. 'They got no use for agitators. As I was saying, the boys all like you, and they like Mrs. Ellicott, too. They think she's the salt of the earth. She's always been so kind in times of sickness, and the like o' that, and the boys would n't do a thing to make her feel bad."

"I am sure we are both grateful for that, Henderson. We have tried to do our duty as we saw it. But what has that to do with the trouble in the shop?"

"I was tryin' to get around to it," said Henderson. "But it's the most ticklish job I ever tackled. We like you and we like Mrs. Ellicott, but—but—well, your daughter. Now, as far as your daughter is concerned—"

"Come, come, Henderson, I don't want to be impatient. Let's stick to business and leave my daughter out of it."

"I'd like to, Mr. Ellicott, but the truth of the matter is that she's the cause of all the trouble."

"Why, what do you mean, Henderson? She has n't been interfering with matters in the mill, has she?"

"Oh, no. And we would n't mind it if she had. It ain't that. And it ain't a prejudice against her, either. We used to think the world and all of her, and when she was a little girl, runnin' around with her long curls, there was n't one of us that would let any harm come to her. She was the pet of the village."

"Well," said Ellicott after a brief interval.

"Understand me," resumed Henderson. "I don't mean to say that we wish her any harm now. Not at all. Even when she went away to college we were all glad. We kind of felt we had a hand in it, and we had an idea she would grow up to be some kind of a great woman, and we could point to her, feeling we had somehow helped."

"Go on," said Ellicott.

"Well, we were kind of disappointed when she got home from college. We talked it over among ourselves, but we did n't let it go any further. We thought she had sort of grown away from us. Some of the boys were pretty restless, even then. 'If that's what we're workin' for,' they said, 'it don't seem much use.'"

"This is all very interesting," observed Ellicott, "but get to the point."

"I'm pretty near through," replied the other. "As I say, when she got home from college, the boys were kind of restless, but they seemed to forget all about it again when she went abroad to that finishing-school. I say, we kind of forgot, but when she got back it broke out worse'n ever. I know I'm talkin' about a delicate matter, Mr. Ellicott, but I hope you'll understand that we've got your best interests at heart."

"Go on," said Ellicott bluntly.

"Well——" Henderson pulled a huge bandanna from his pocket and mopped his brow, "well, now, I'm goin' to speak plainly. The boys have come to the conclusion that they've made a mistake. Your daughter has been back from finishing-school for some time now and we can't see as it's done her any good. She doesn't do anything for anybody. When she came back the paper said she had a fine musical education, but nobody ever heard her make any use of it."



CAN'T WAIT  
TILL HE WAKES UP!

Been a-pacin' up and down the pike o' life with this here jimmy and a sore tongue nigh 50 year.

"When, what do you know about that there Prince Albert in the 10c tidy red tin and 5c toppy red bag a-comin' 'long!

"Hez Jones, sez he to me, 'Hen, you go to that Prince Albert and cut away from chaff-brands an' dust-brands and fire-brands! Get a smoke what's a *real* smoke and *won't*, because it *can't*, burn your tongue.'

"Say, why, I smoke Prince Albert all day an' all night, *now*. Can't wait till I wake up! And never get a sting—ner a grouch!

"That there P. A. terbaccar ain't got no teeth, I reckon. *Jes' can't bite!*

"And them boys sez, 'greatest' cigarette what is.' Fresh and sweet and long burnin' an' sich like. Mus' be good for what ails 'em if it tastes like it does in my ole jimmy!"

"And then what?" persisted Ellicott imperturbably.

"That's about all there is to it, Mr. Ellicott. The boys may be wrong about it, but that's the way they feel about it, and facts is facts. They feel that it's no use workin' at low wages any longer if there ain't anything to come of it."

"And so they're going to strike; is that it?" inquired Ellicott.

"No, it ain't got that far yet, but they think under the circumstances they ought to have more money. They feel they can make better use of it themselves than to turn it over to a school that puts an end to a person's usefulness."

"And if I refuse?" queried Ellicott.

"I don't know," said the other. "I'd hate to see any trouble, but if you refuse, I won't promise what the outcome will be. Something's got to be done."

"What can you suggest, Henderson?"

"Well, there ain't but two things I can think of: Either you have got to have trouble or send your daughter away."

"Do you think it would do any good to send her away?"

"Well," said Henderson, "it's pretty harsh measures, and I don't exactly know where you'd send her."

"But that would cost more than keeping her at home."

"I suppose it would. Out of sight, out of mind, you know."

Ellicott got up from his chair, went to the door which stood slightly ajar, peered into the outer office, closed the door, returned to his chair and sat down.

"Henderson," said he, leaning over confidentially, "I suppose it's a queer thing for a father to say, but to tell the truth I've felt about this much the same as the boys have. She has a splendid voice, but she does n't sing. She has an excellent piano education, but she does n't play. She has all sorts of accomplishments which she makes no use of. Now she has been wanting to go abroad again to get some more. She wants to take a course under Rubenowski, whoever he is. This morning I told her flat that she could n't go. But I've changed my mind. If Rubenowski can keep peace in the family, I'll resign in favor of Rubenowski."

Ellis O. Jones.

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"Do you love that rat, and have you been so kind to him as to tame him completely?" asked the minister eagerly, fumbling in his pocket for his notebook.

"Love this rat?" repeated the prisoner. "Why, I'd share my last crust with him any minute."

"And can you tell me, my poor fellow, what has put into your heart this unselfish love for a rat?"

"Sure," answered the prisoner. "This rat—he bit the jailer, sir!"—*Woman's World.*

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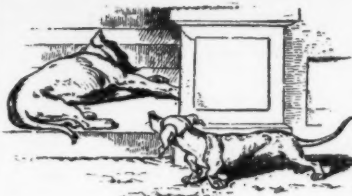
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—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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ADELBERT.—I hold the record for running my four-cylinder roadster twenty-seven miles on a pint of gasoline.—*New York Globe.*

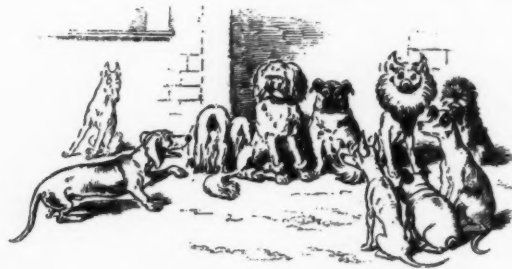


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Finally, no longer able to control himself, he took the brother by the shoulder and shook him, with the exclamation: "Oh, thee little you, thee!"

Then, as the solemnity of his oath came over him, he said in a changed voice: "Don't tell mother I swore."—*Youth's Companion.*

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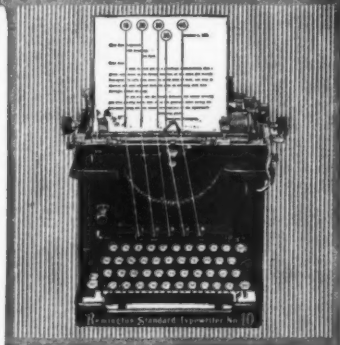
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### WHAT HE READ.

A traveling man stopped overnight with a farmer a long way from a settlement. After supper the traveler tried to get up a conversation.

"What do you think of the Roosevelt-Taft fight?" he asked.

"Dunno nothin' about it," the farmer replied.

"Well, it may be that Hughes will be a compromise candidate. What do you think of Hughes?"

"Never heard of him."

"Do you believe in Christian Science?"

"I dunno what you mean."

"Have you any ideas about the Turko-Italian War?"

"Did n't know they was no war."

"Is it your opinion that airships are practical?"

"Never hearn of 'em. So fur's I know they ain't no flyin' yet."

"But," exclaimed the traveler, "do you never read the newspapers?"

"I useter," replied the farmer. "I did onct fur quite a spell; but they got too funny. 'Bout ten or 'leven years ago I quit readin' 'em. Since then I've been readin' a book." — *Saturday Evening Post.*



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MRS. KNICKER.—Why do you write home for more money?

MRS. BOCKER.—If George is having a good time he owes it to me, and if he isn't having a good time he has saved it. — *The Sun.*

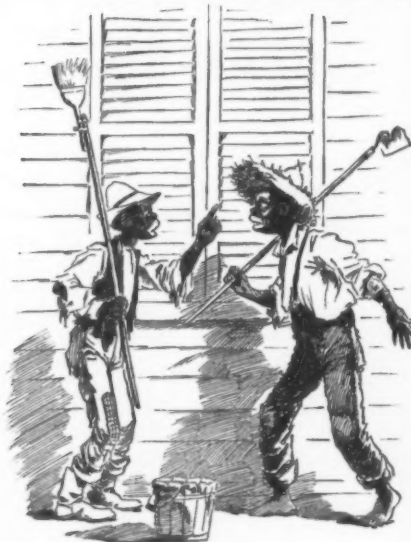
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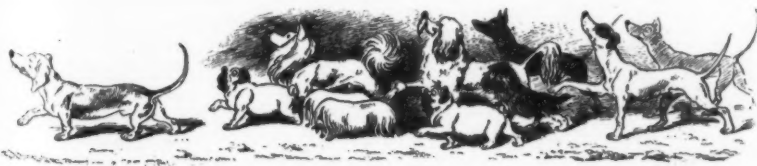
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IV.  
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THE ARMAGEDDON CRY.  
Onward, fustian soldiers,  
Marching out for gore,  
With the cash of Perkins  
Going on before!  
—Philadelphia Record.

THE Greeks entered Troy in a wooden horse.  
"Why not a bull moose?" we cried.  
Sadly they saw they were not up to date.—The Sun.

"I NOTICED the first touch of autumn yesterday," said the Grouch, this morning. "As usual, it was a fifteen-dollar one for a hat."—Detroit News.



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### MATILDA MUGGINS.

Matilda Muggins (may her looks improve!)  
Awoke one night from fleeting dreams of  
love  
And saw, within the moonlight near her  
bed,  
A Spirit writing in a book of red.  
In words of flame it wrote, with mien  
inspired.  
"What names are those?" the damsel then  
inquired.  
The Spirit, answering, stayed its gleaming  
pen—  
"The maids whose beauty fires the hearts  
of men."  
"And am I one?" she queried. "Nay,  
not so,"  
The Spirit said. Matilda spoke more low,  
But hopeful still, and begged in accents  
bland,  
"Write me as one that cooks to beat the  
band."  
The Spirit wrote and vanished. The next  
night  
It came again with a great scroll of white,  
And showed the names whom praise of  
men had blessed—  
And, lo! Matilda's name led all the rest.  
—Lippincott's.

SHE.—If you could have only one  
wish what would it be?

HE.—It would be that—that—oh,  
if I only dared to tell you what it  
would be!

SHE.—Well, go on. Why do you  
suppose I brought up the wishing sub-  
ject?—Boston Transcript.

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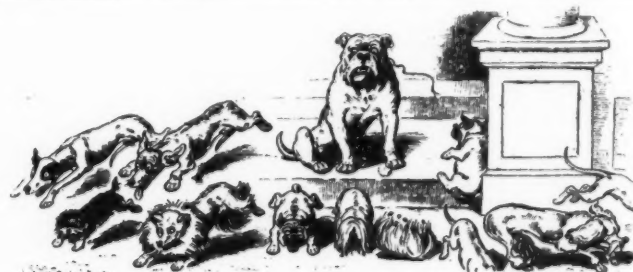
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V.  
THE ROUT.

—Fliegende Blätter.

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TEACHER.—What can you say of the Medes and the Persians?

YOUNG AMERICA.—I never keep track of those minor league games. —*Harper's Weekly.*

### NO TIME FOR HOBBIES.

"Every man has a hobby of some kind. What is yours?"

"Keeping away from foolish people who ask me that kind of question." —*Pittsburgh Post.*

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," ETC.



"I've caught you a couple of nice trout. They're worth about five shillings."

"Oh, Dick, you haven't given all that for them!"

—*The Tatler.*

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Oh, take off your hat to the copper, He'll be in society yet. In London he bows so politely Arresting a fair Suffragette. And people of rank and of title Their sneers at the constable cease, For the popular notion at present Is promptly to call the police.

We send him for opulent grafters; We send him for men higher up; For summer resorters who tarry At games or the late festival cup; For leaders of various movements, Trust magnates we tell him to get. So, take off your hat to the copper, He'll be in society yet.

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